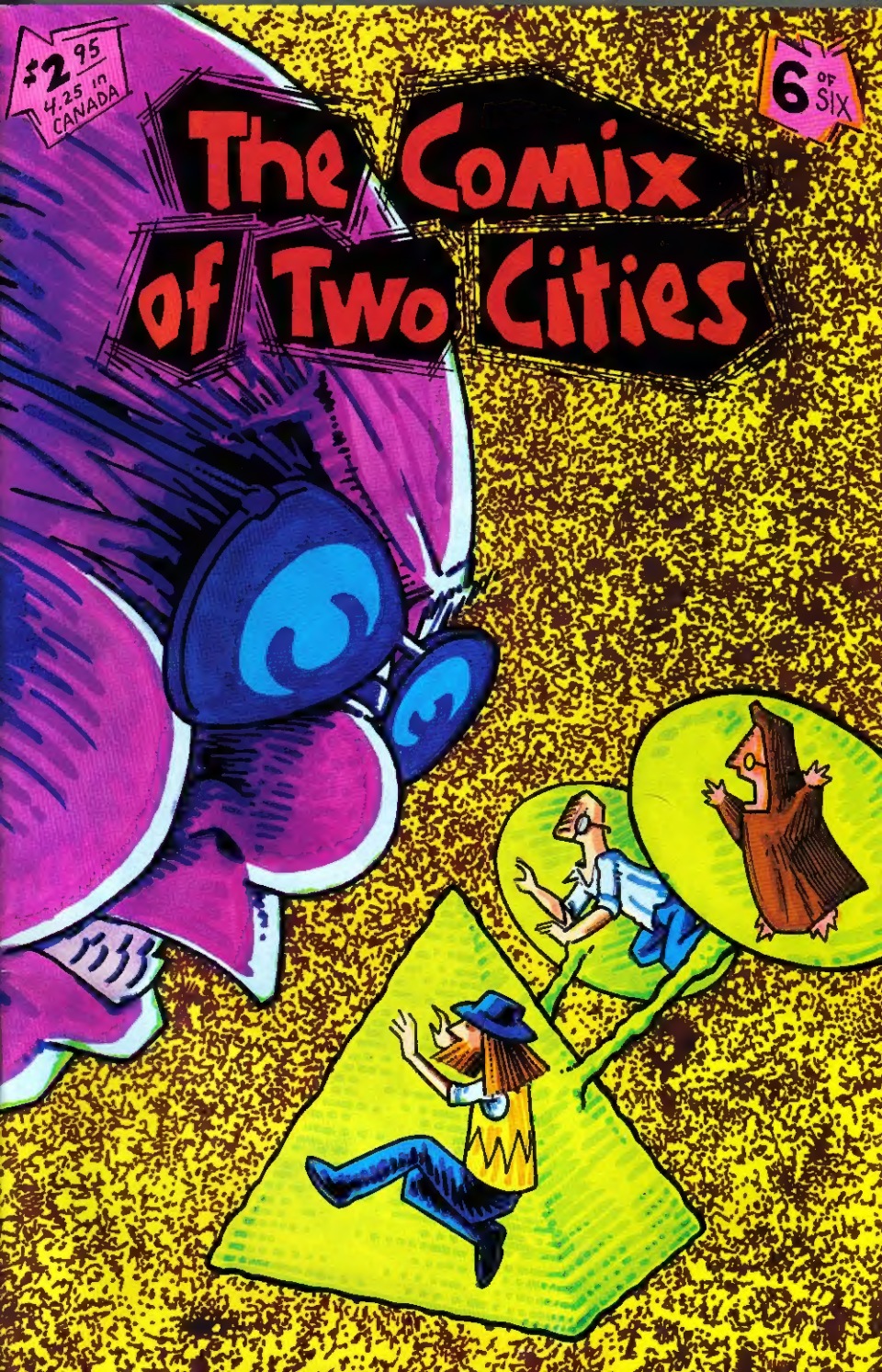
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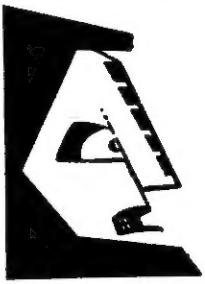
6 of Six
The Comix of Two Cities

One world...two cities...two cultures

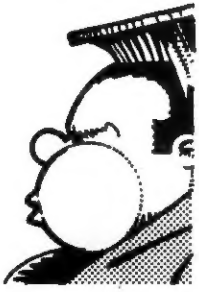


Oppression

Revolution

Conflict

It's MOLE vs. CHUB



in

The Comix of Two Cities

by

Matt Howarth

based on life-forms created by THE RESIDENTS

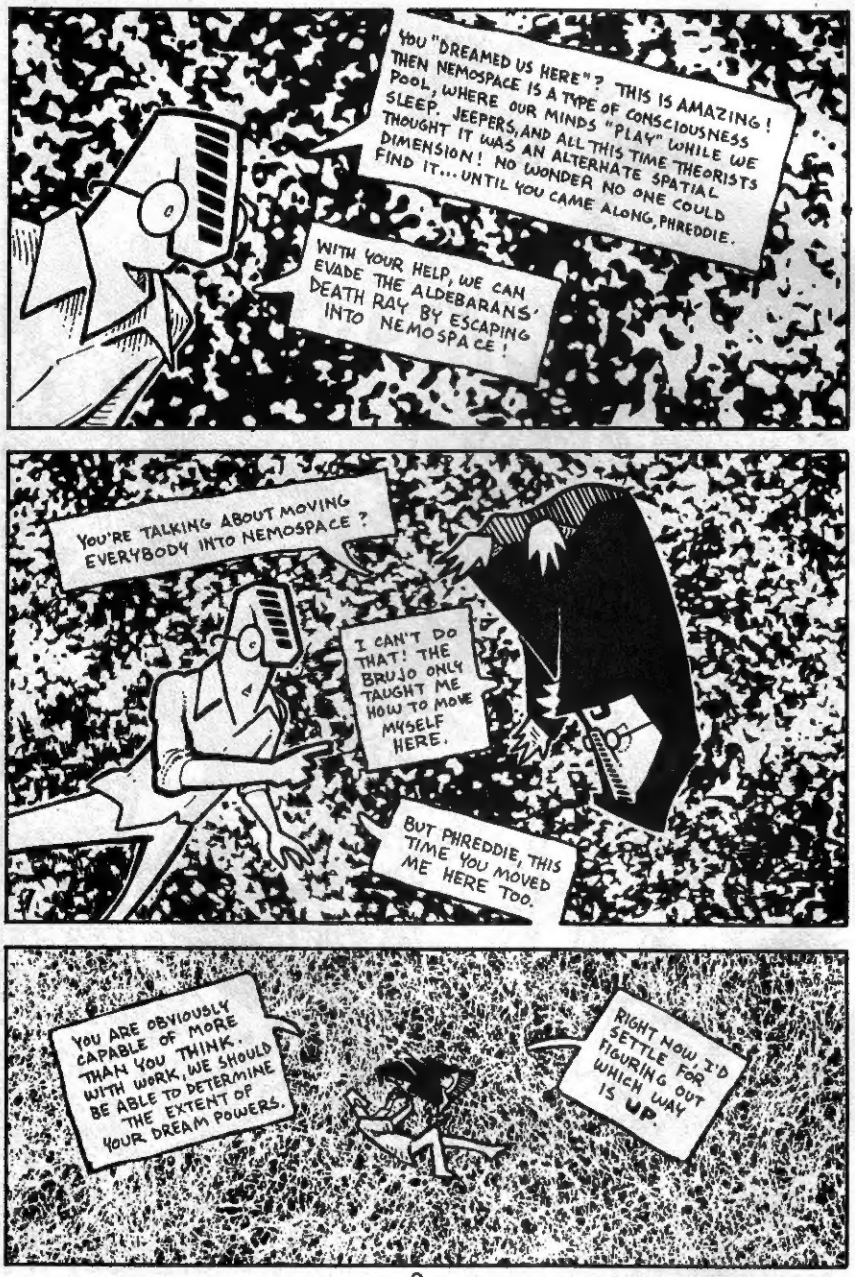
This issue also features the talents of:
D. M. KISTER: art and script on "Black Mole of Space".

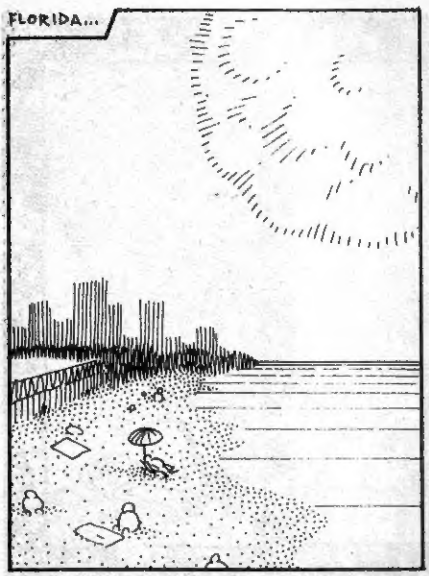
THE COMIX OF TWO CITIES #6. October, 1996. Published by ÆON, 5014-D Roosevelt Way NE, Seattle, WA 98105. (206) 525-0632. Email E.VICK1@GENIE.GEIS.COM. Entire contents ©1996 Matt Howarth. All rights reserved. Some of the material in this issue was previously published by Howski Studios and Ralph Records in 1982 and 1983 in the limited edition mini-comics THE COMIX OF TWO CITIES #s 1 and 2. THE RESIDENTS, the MOLES and the CHUBS are all trademarked by the Cryptic Corporation. This is a work of fiction; any similarity between names, characters, and/or situations herein is purely coincidental.

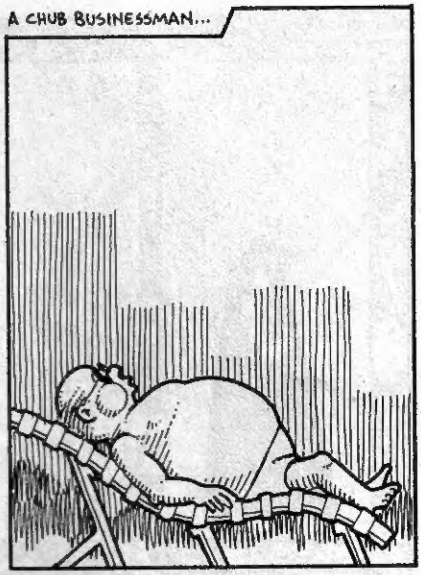
THIS IS NOT PART THREE OF THE RESIDENTS' MOLE TRILOGY.

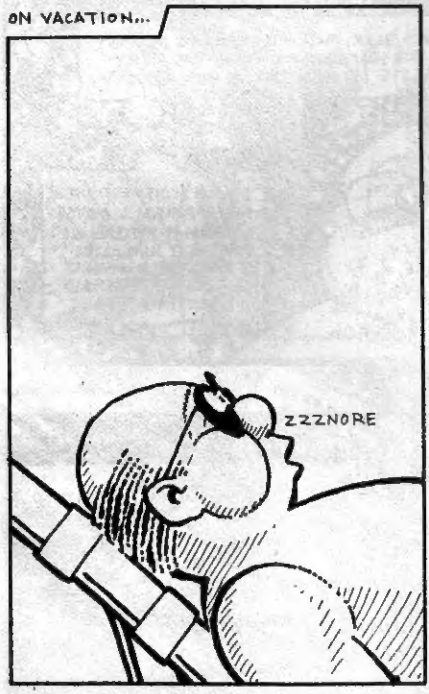
First Printing. MUPubs #324.

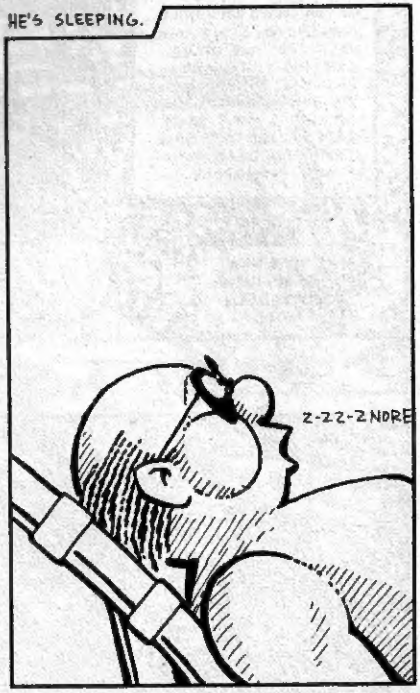
LOST
IN
NEMOSPACE
WHERE ARE WE?
WE'RE BEHIND MY NOSE, IN NEMOSPACE. I DREAMED US HERE, TOM MOLE!


YOU "DREAMED US HERE"? THIS IS AMAZING! THEN NEMOSPACE IS A TYPE OF CONSCIOUSNESS POOL, WHERE OUR MINDS "PLAY" WHILE WE SLEEP. JEEPERS, AND ALL THIS TIME THEORISTS THOUGHT IT WAS AN ALTERNATE SPATIAL DIMENSION! NO WONDER NO ONE COULD FIND IT... UNTIL YOU CAME ALONG, PHREDDIE.
WITH YOUR HELP, WE CAN EVADE THE ALDEBARANS' DEATH RAY BY ESCAPING INTO NEMOSPACE!
YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT MOVING EVERYBODY INTO NEMOSPACE?
I CAN'T DO THAT! THE BRUJO ONLY TAUGHT ME HOW TO MOVE MYSELF HERE.
BUT PHREDDIE, THIS TIME YOU MOVED ME HERE TOO.
YOU ARE OBVIOUSLY CAPABLE OF MORE THAN YOU THINK. WITH WORK, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO DETERMINE THE EXTENT OF YOUR DREAM POWERS.
RIGHT NOW I'D SETTLE FOR FIGURING OUT WHICH WAY IS UP.


FLORIDA...


A CHUB BUSINESSMAN...


ON VACATION...
ZZZNORE


HE'S SLEEPING.
Z-ZZ-ZNORE

HE'S DREAMING.

WE HAD SUCH A GOOD THING GOING WHEN FLINTMOLE WAS "DEAD". WE WERE GETTING FILTHY-FAT RICH OFF THE SALES OF HIS ONE ALBUM. IT'S SO LIKE A MOLE TO BE SO PETTY AND COME BACK FROM THE DEAD, RUINING OUR MONOPOLY.

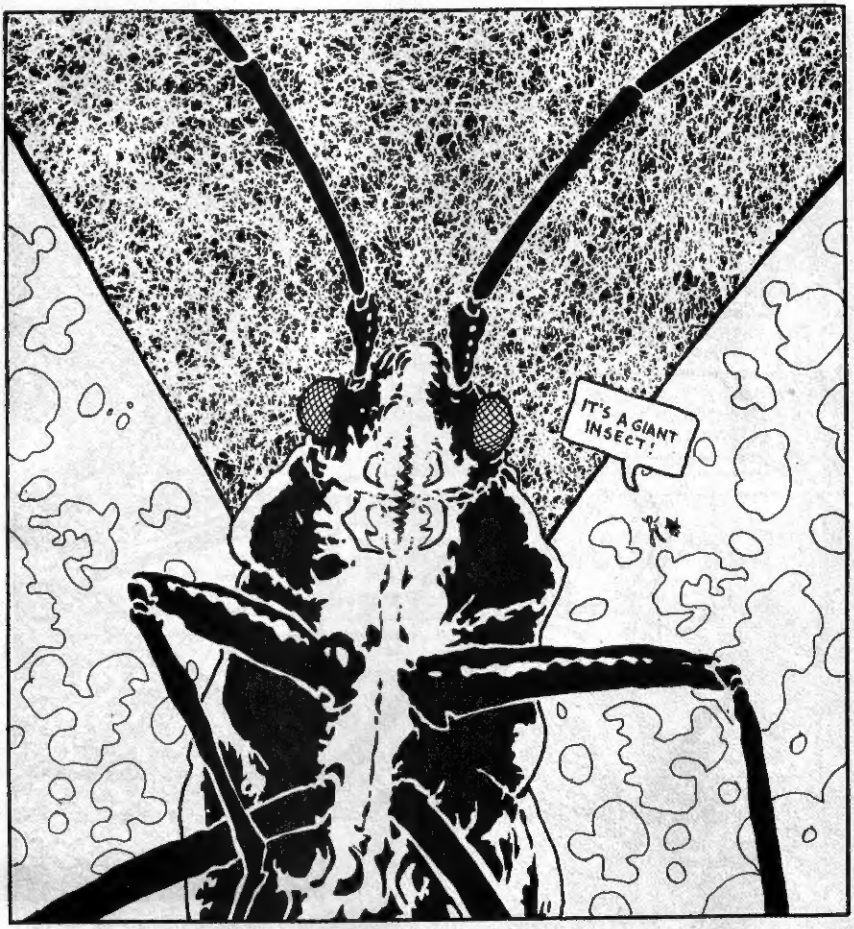
NOW HE'S BACK, MOLE-MOUTHING OFF AGAINST THE CHUBS AGAIN, UPSETTING THE VERY CELLULITE FOUNDATION OF OUR SOCIETY WITH HIS CONCEPT OF EQUALITY!

I HATE HIM AND HIS HIPPY BUTTERFLY MIND!

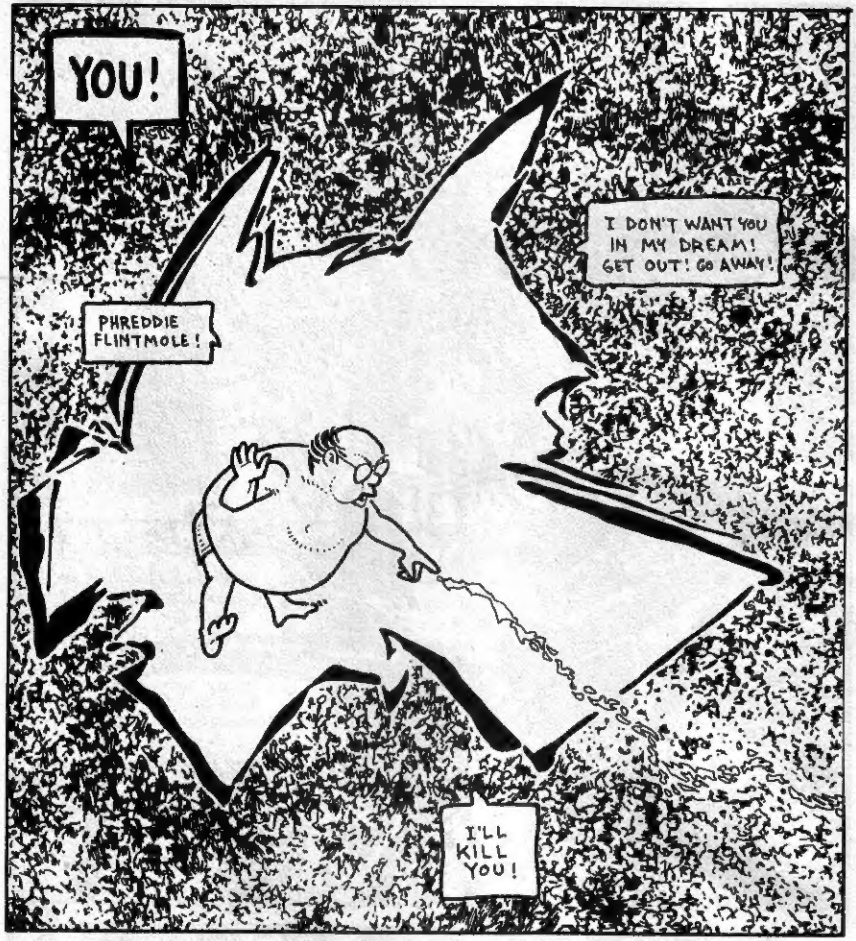
I WISH FLINTMOLE WOULD DIE FOR REAL! MAYBE A SWARM OF BUTTERFLIES COULD EAT HIM ALIVE! I'D KILL HIM MYSELF IF I WEREN'T AFRAID OF GETTING CAUGHT.

YOU'RE RIGHT, TOM. IF I CONCENTRATE, I CAN FEEL "THINGS" AROUND US.

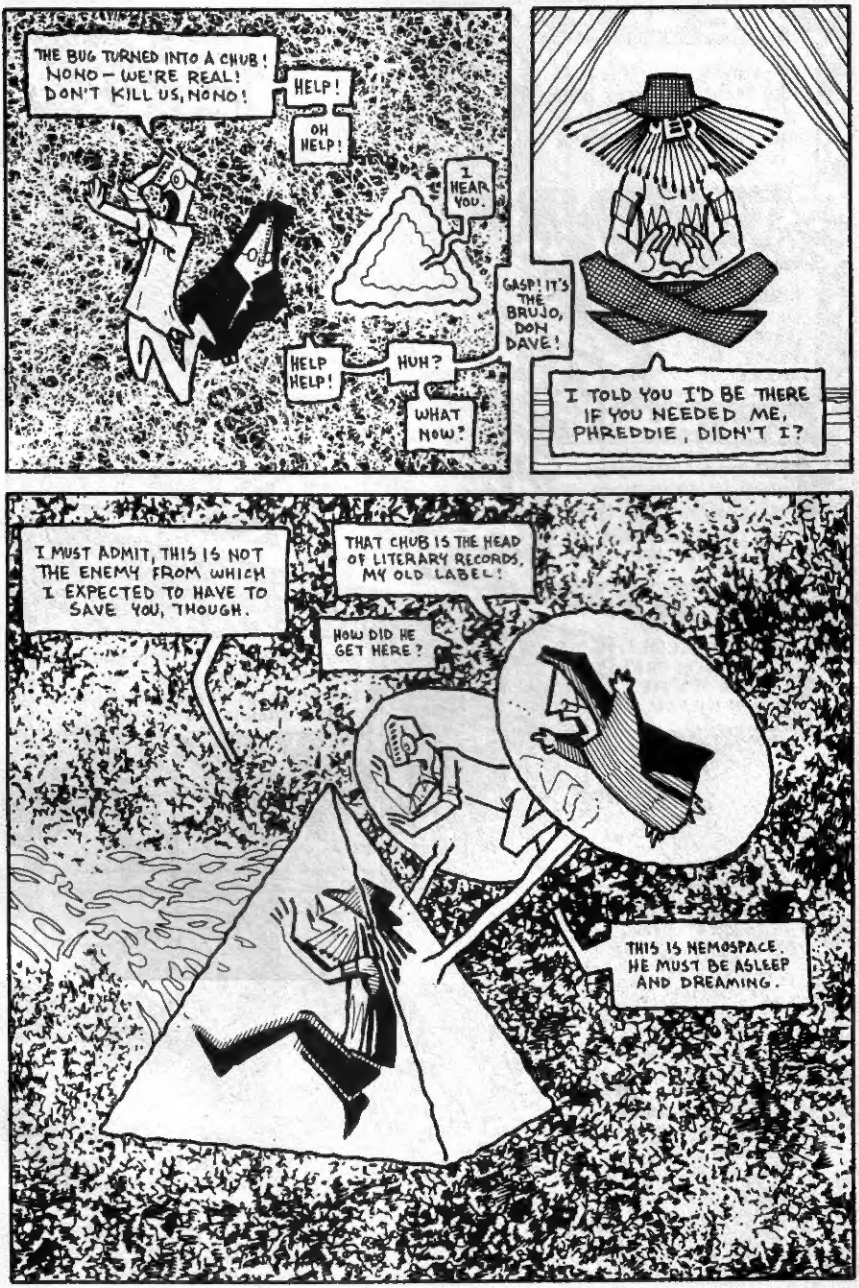
AUGH! BEHIND YOU!

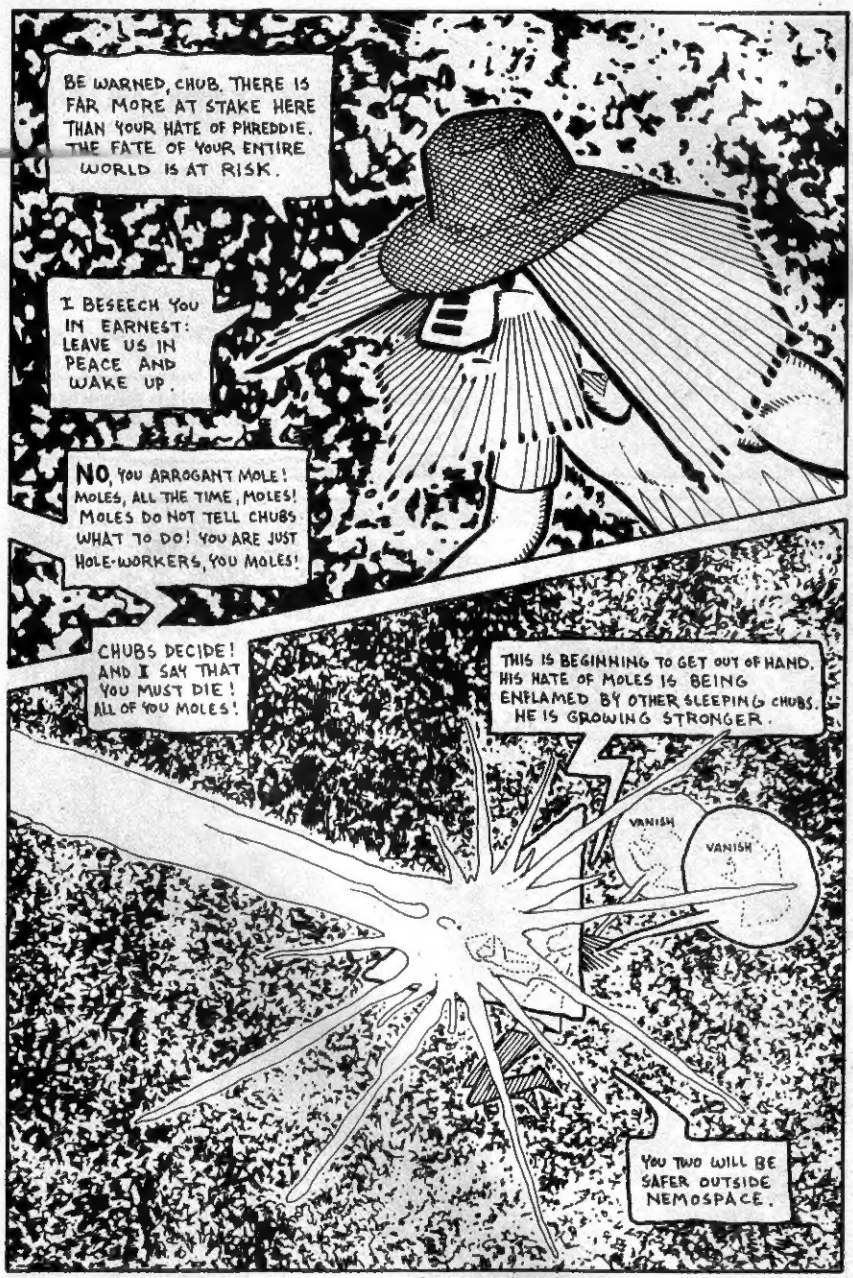

IT'S A GIANT INSECT!

WHERE DID IT COME FROM? I HATE BUGS! DID YOU BRING IT HERE? IT'S GOING TO EAT US!
LOOK... THE BUG IS CHANGING!


YOU!
PHREDDIE FLINTMOLE!
I DON'T WANT YOU IN MY DREAM! GET OUT! GO AWAY!
I'LL KILL YOU!

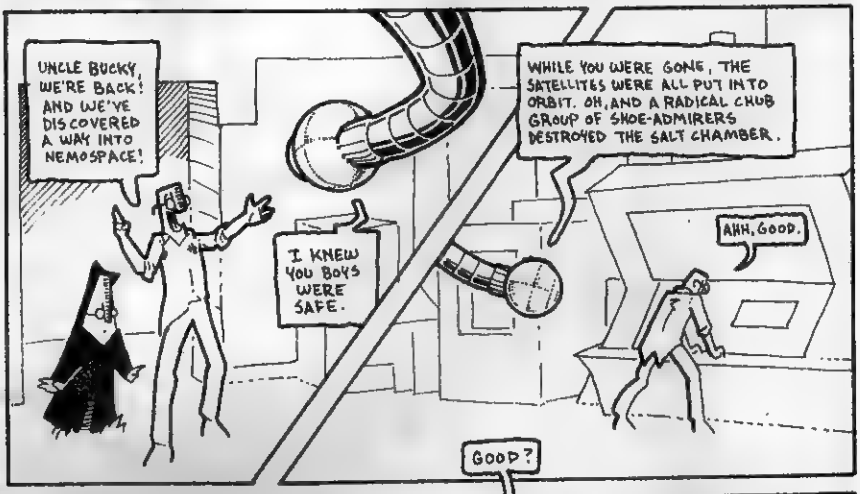
I MAY NOT HAVE THE FLAB TO KILL YOU IN REAL LIFE, BUT I CAN KILL YOU IN MY DREAM!


THE BUG TURNED INTO A CHUB! NONO – WE'RE REAL! DON'T KILL US, NONO!
HELP!
OH HELP!
I HEAR YOU.
HELP HELP!
HUH?
WHAT NOW?
GASP! IT'S THE BRUJO, DON DAVE!
I TOLD YOU I'D BE THERE IF YOU NEEDED ME, PHREDDIE, DIDN'T I?
I MUST ADMIT, THIS IS NOT THE ENEMY FROM WHICH I EXPECTED TO HAVE TO SAVE YOU, THOUGH.
THAT CHUB IS THE HEAD OF LITERARY RECORDS, MY OLD LABEL!
HOW DID HE GET HERE?
THIS IS NEMOSPACE. HE MUST BE ASLEEP AND DREAMING.


BE WARNED, CHUB. THERE IS FAR MORE AT STAKE HERE THAN YOUR HATE OF PHREDDIE. THE FATE OF YOUR ENTIRE WORLD IS AT RISK.
I BESEECH YOU IN EARNEST: LEAVE US IN PEACE AND WAKE UP.
NO, YOU ARROGANT MOLE! MOLES, ALL THE TIME, MOLES! MOLES DO NOT TELL CHUBS WHAT TO DO! YOU ARE JUST HOLE-WORKERS, YOU MOLES!
CHUBS DECIDE! AND I SAY THAT YOU MUST DIE! ALL OF YOU MOLES!
THIS IS BEGINNING TO GET OUT OF HAND. HIS HATE OF MOLES IS BEING ENFLAMED BY OTHER SLEEPING CHUBS. HE IS GROWING STRONGER.
VANISH
VANISH
YOU TWO WILL BE SAFER OUTSIDE NEMOSPACE.

HE SAVED US - THE BRUJO SAVED US! HE SENT US BACK TO YOUR LAB, TOM MOLE!
HE SAVED US SO THAT WE CAN SAVE THE WORLD!

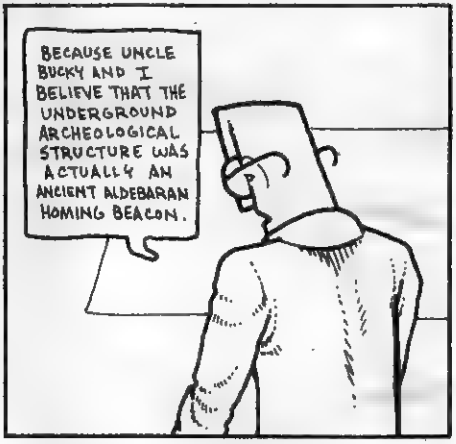
C'MON! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!


UNCLE BUCKY, WE'RE BACK! AND WE'VE DISCOVERED A WAY INTO NEMOSPACE!
I KNEW YOU BOYS WERE SAFE.
WHILE YOU WERE GONE, THE SATELLITES WERE ALL PUT INTO ORBIT. OH, AND A RADICAL CHUB GROUP OF SHOE-ADMIRERS DESTROYED THE SALT CHAMBER.
AHH, GOOD.

GOOD?
WHAT?!
THE SALT CHAMBER, DESTROYED?
BUT THAT'S TERRIBLE!
I THOUGHT THE SALT CHAMBER WAS OUR TELEPORT DEVICE!

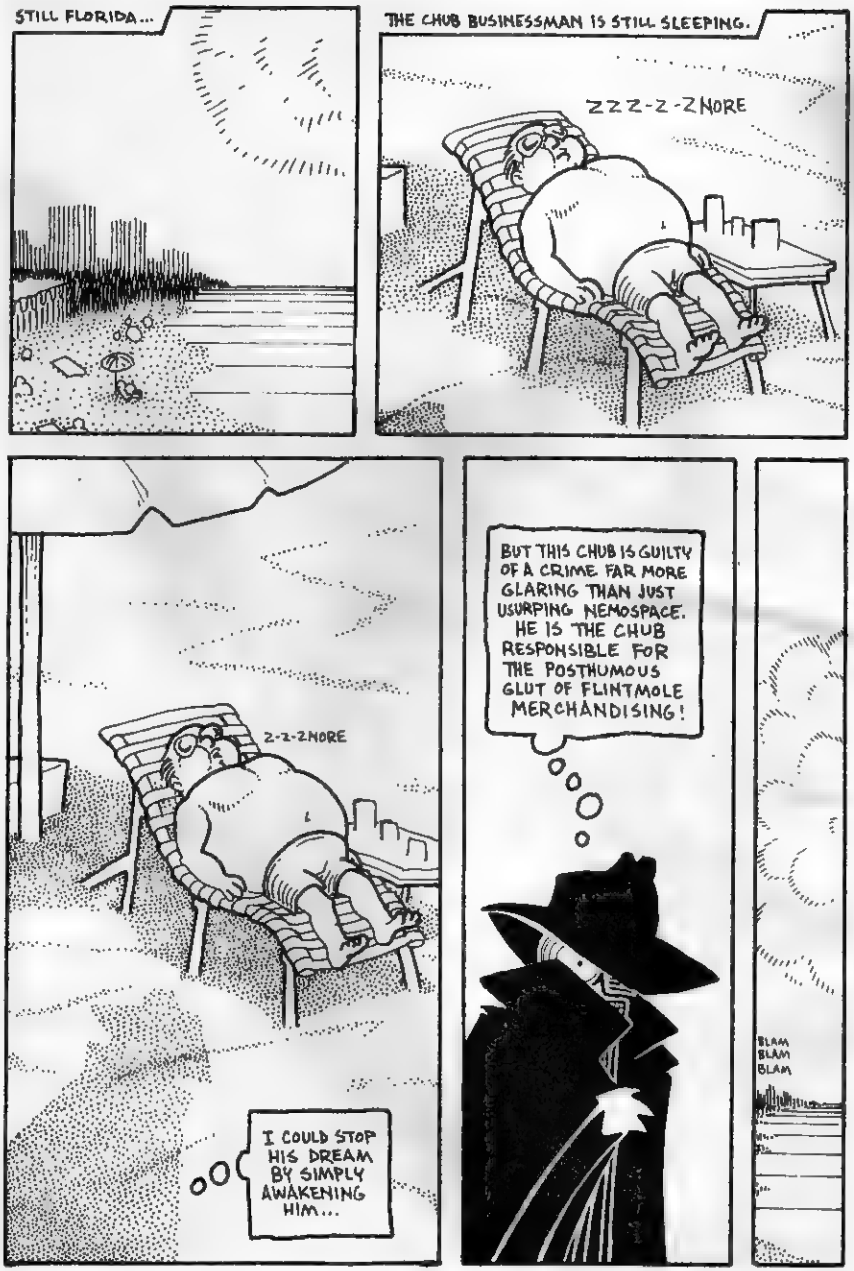
NO, PHREDDIE, THAT'S WHAT WE WANTED EVERYONE TO THINK.
WE NEEDED THEM TO DESTROY THE SALT CHAMBER FOR US.

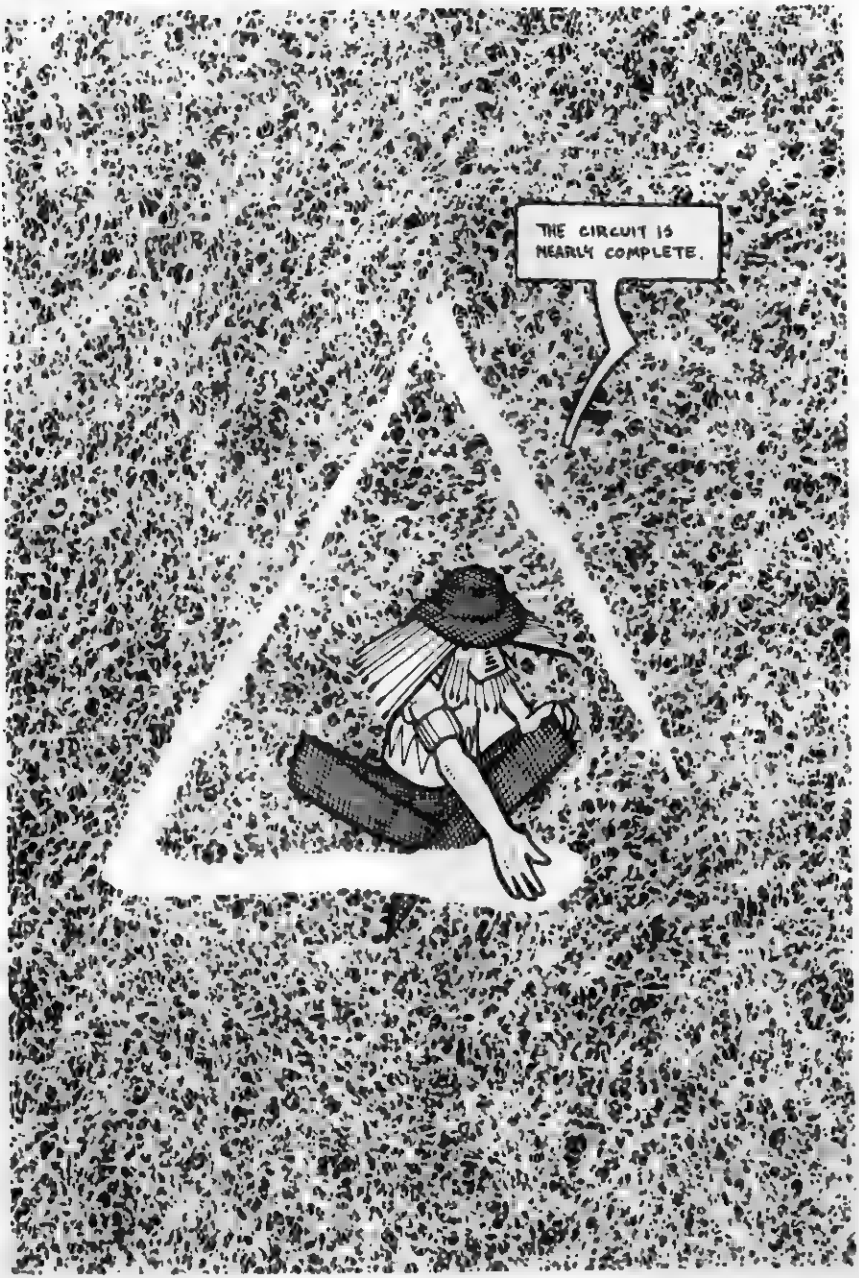
I GET IT! CLASSIC CHUB PSYCHOLOGY! IF THEY THOUGHT IT WOULD SAVE THE MOLES, THEY MAD TO DESTROY IT!
BUT...WHY DID WE WANT IT DESTROYED?


BECAUSE UNCLE BUCKY AND I BELIEVE THAT THE UNDERGROUND ARCHEOLOGICAL STRUCTURE WAS ACTUALLY AN ANCIENT ALDEBARAN HOMING BEACON.

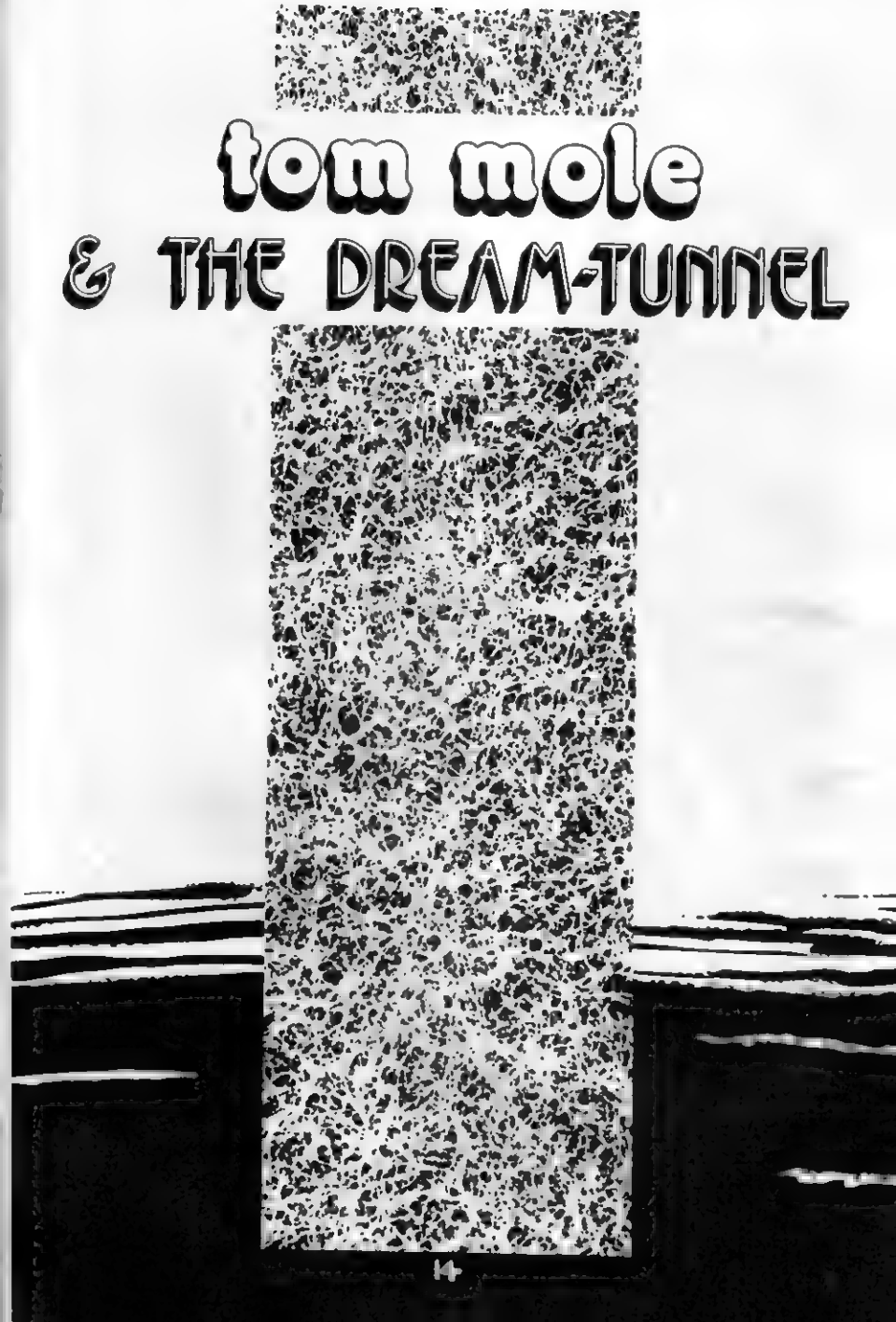
WE CANNOT TAKE THE CHANCE OF THE ALDEBARANS TRACKING US DOWN AFTER WE MOVE OUR PLANET.
AFTER WE WHAT?

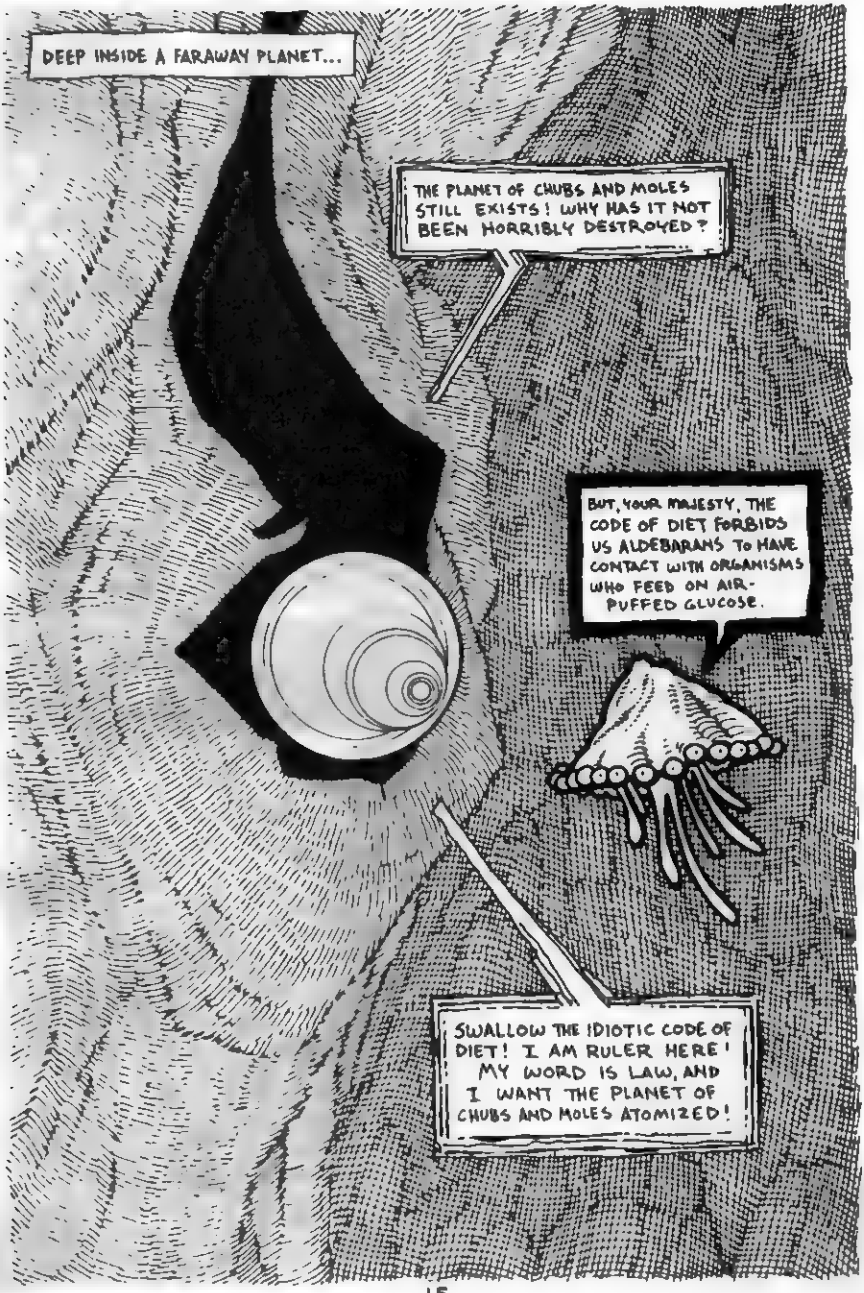
I WILL KILL YOU! ALL OF YOU MOLES! ALL MOLES MUST DIE!
I CAN TELL YOU ARE BEYOND SETTLING THIS PEACEFULLY. YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE.

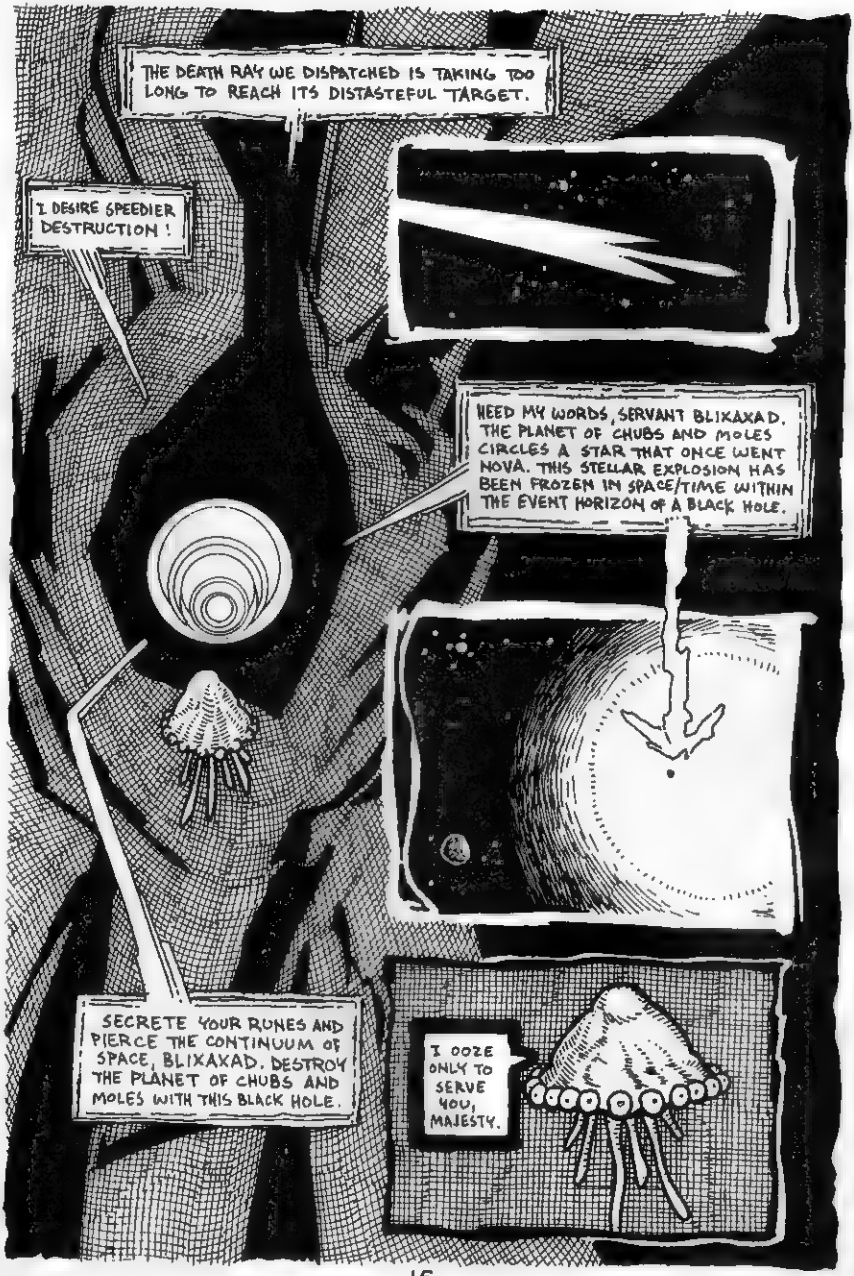

STILL FLORIDA...
THE CHUB BUSINESSMAN IS STILL SLEEPING.
ZZZ-Z-ZNORE
Z-Z-ZNORE
I COULD STOP HIS DREAM BY SIMPLY AWAKENING HIM...
BUT THIS CHUB IS GUILTY OF A CRIME FAR MORE GLARING THAN JUST USURPING NEMOSPACE. HE IS THE CHUB RESPONSIBLE FOR THE POSTHUMOUS GLUT OF FLINTMOLE MERCHANDISING!
BLAM BLAM BLAM

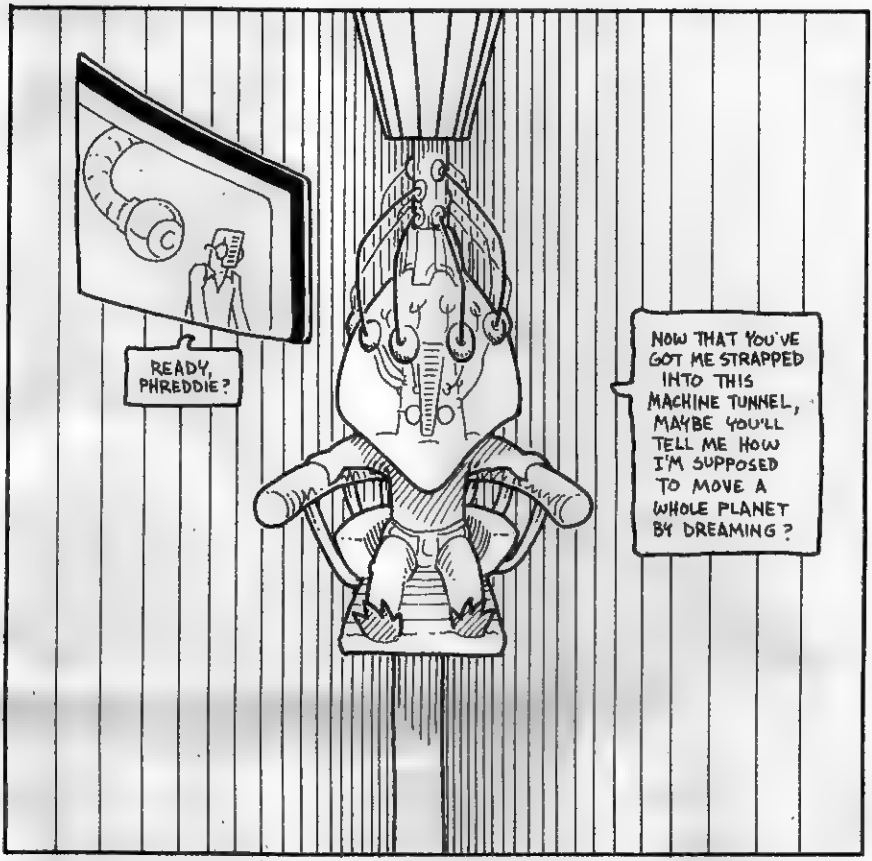

THE CIRCUIT IS NEARLY COMPLETE.

tom mole & THE DREAM-TUNNEL

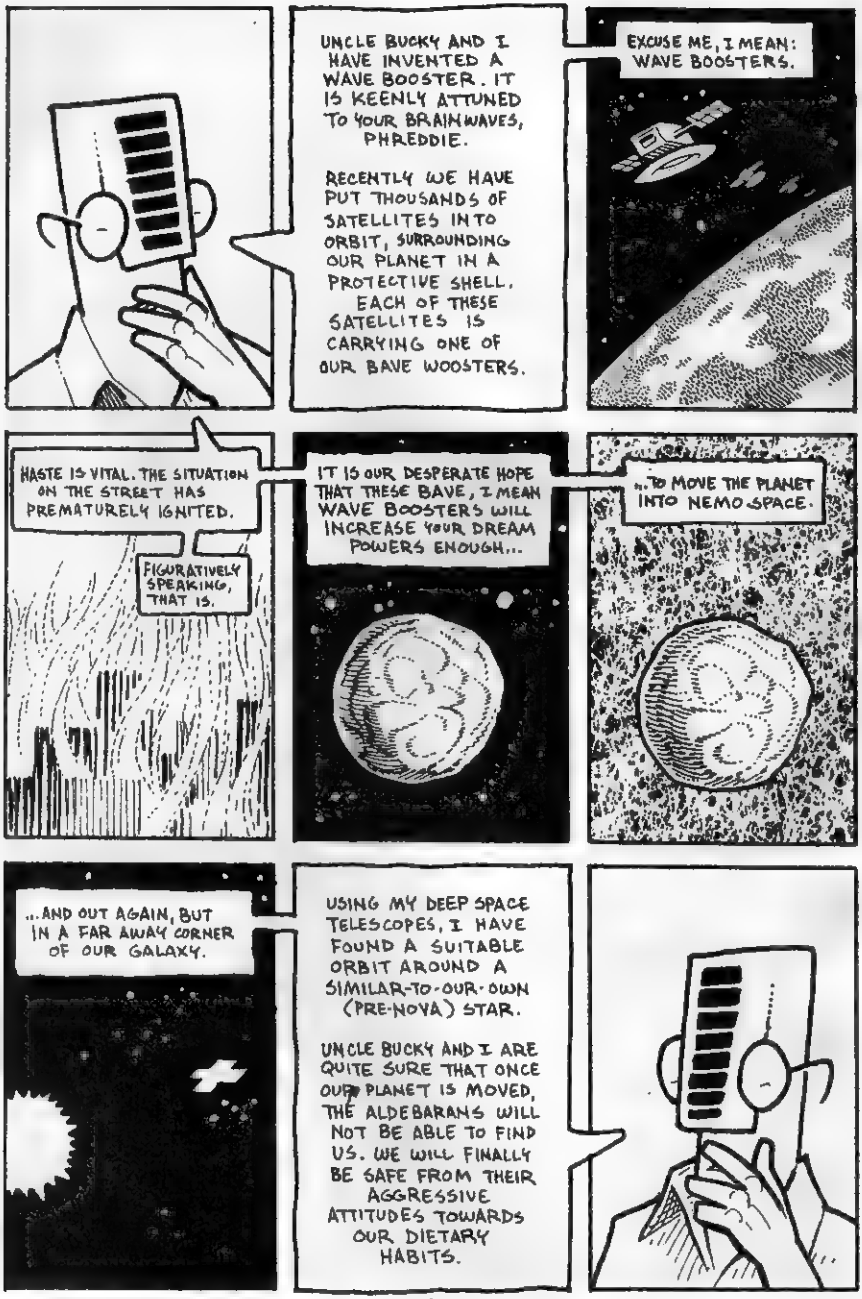


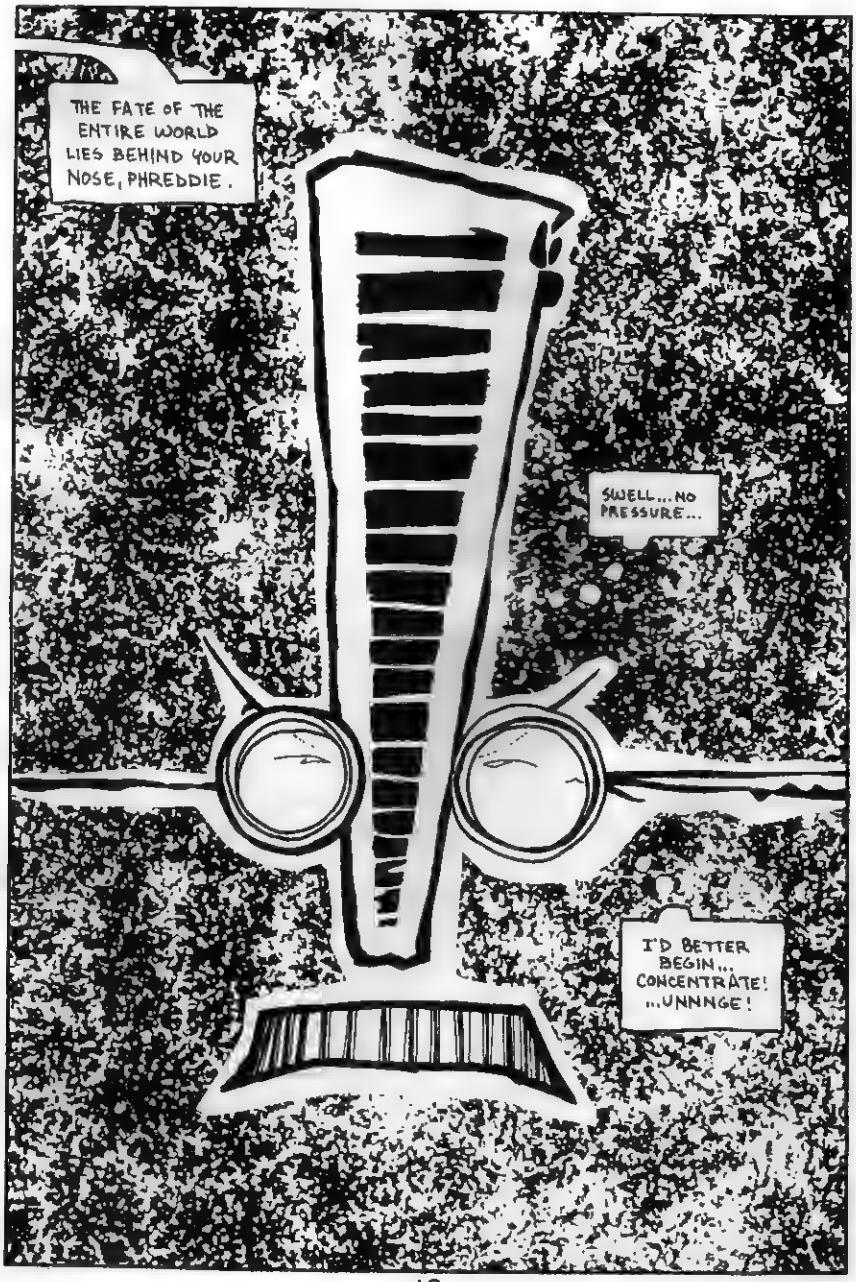

DEEP INSIDE A FARAWAY PLANET...
THE PLANET OF CHUBS AND MOLES STILL EXISTS! WHY HAS IT NOT BEEN HORRIBLY DESTROYED?
BUT, YOUR MAJESTY, THE CODE OF DIET FORBIDS US ALDEBARANS TO HAVE CONTACT WITH ORGANISMS WHO FEED ON AIR-PUFFED GLUCOSE.
SWALLOW THE IDIOTIC CODE OF DIET! I AM RULER HERE! MY WORD IS LAW, AND I WANT THE PLANET OF CHUBS AND MOLES ATOMIZED!


THE DEATH RAY WE DISPATCHED IS TAKING TOO LONG TO REACH ITS DISTASTEFUL TARGET.
I DESIRE SPEEDIER DESTRUCTION!
HEED MY WORDS, SERVANT BLIXAXAD. THE PLANET OF CHUBS AND MOLES CIRCLES A STAR THAT ONCE WENT NOVA. THIS STELLAR EXPLOSION HAS BEEN FROZEN IN SPACE/TIME WITHIN THE EVENT HORIZON OF A BLACK HOLE.
SECRETE YOUR RUNES AND PIERCE THE CONTINUUM OF SPACE, BLIXAXAD. DESTROY THE PLANET OF CHUBS AND MOLES WITH THIS BLACK HOLE.
I OOZE ONLY TO SERVE YOU, MAJESTY.

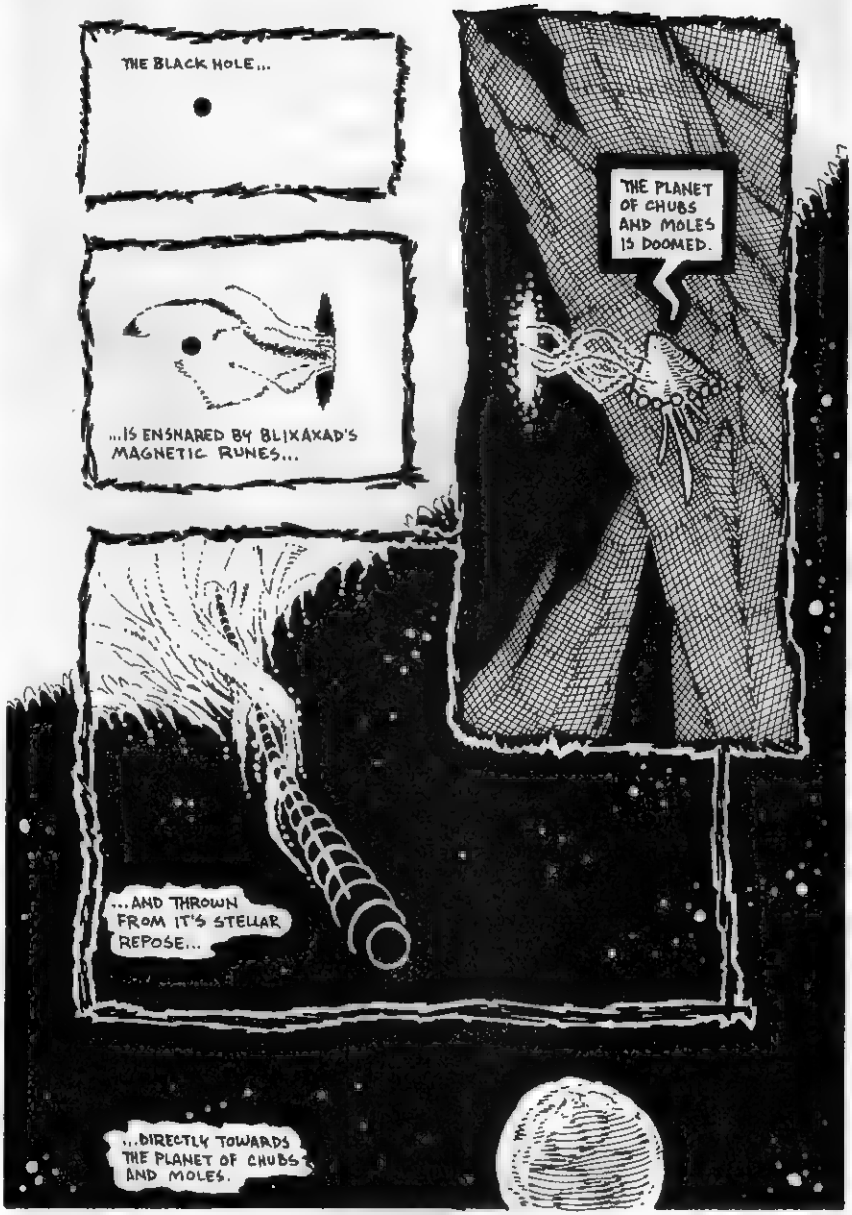

READY, PHREDDIE?
NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT ME STRAPPED INTO THIS MACHINE TUNNEL, MAYBE YOU'LL TELL ME HOW I'M SUPPOSED TO MOVE A WHOLE PLANET BY DREAMING?

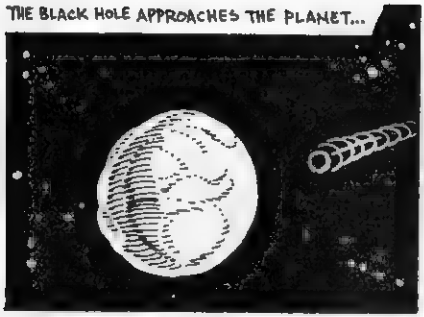
WITH ENOUGH TIME AND THE PROPER GUIDANCE, PHREDDIE, YOU WOULD CERTAINLY DEVELOP YOUR DREAM POWER TO THE POINT YOU MIGHT'VE BEEN ABLE TO MOVE THE PLANET UNAIDED.
BUT WITH THE ALDEBARANS' DEATH RAY BREATHING UP OUR NOSES, WE SIMPLY CANNOT AFFORD TO WAIT OR WE'LL ALL DIE.

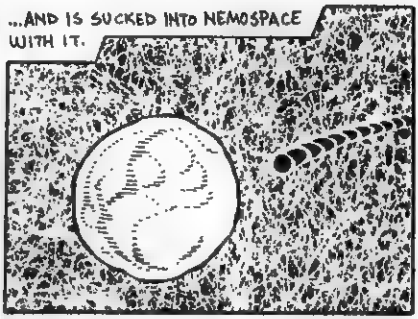

UNCLE BUCKY AND I HAVE INVENTED A WAVE BOOSTER. IT IS KEENLY ATTUNED TO YOUR BRAINWAVES, PHREDDIE.
RECENTLY WE HAVE PUT THOUSANDS OF SATELLITES INTO ORBIT, SURROUNDING OUR PLANET IN A PROTECTIVE SHELL. EACH OF THESE SATELLITES IS CARRYING ONE OF OUR BAVE WOOSTERS.
EXCUSE ME, I MEAN: WAVE BOOSTERS.
HASTE IS VITAL. THE SITUATION ON THE STREET HAS PREMATURELY IGNITED.
FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING, THAT IS.
IT IS OUR DESPERATE HOPE THAT THESE BAVE, I MEAN WAVE BOOSTERS WILL INCREASE YOUR DREAM POWERS ENOUGH...
...TO MOVE THE PLANET INTO NEMO-SPACE.
...AND OUT AGAIN, BUT IN A FAR AWAY CORNER OF OUR GALAXY.
USING MY DEEP SPACE TELESCOPES, I HAVE FOUND A SUITABLE ORBIT AROUND A SIMILAR-TO-OUR-OWN (PRE-NOVA) STAR.
UNCLE BUCKY AND I ARE QUITE SURE THAT ONCE OUR PLANET IS MOVED, THE ALDEBARANS WILL NOT BE ABLE TO FIND US. WE WILL FINALLY BE SAFE FROM THEIR AGGRESSIVE ATTITUDES TOWARDS OUR DIETARY HABITS.

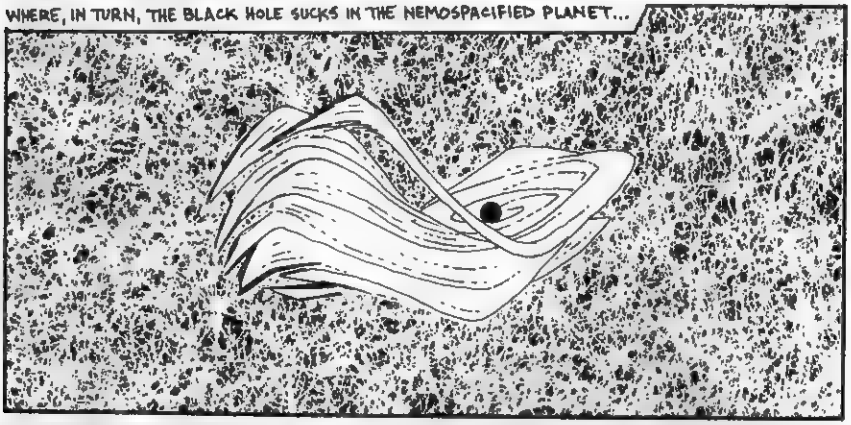

THE FATE OF THE ENTIRE WORLD LIES BEHIND YOUR NOSE, PHREDDIE.
SWELL...NO PRESSURE...
I'D BETTER BEGIN... CONCENTRATE! ...UNNNGE!

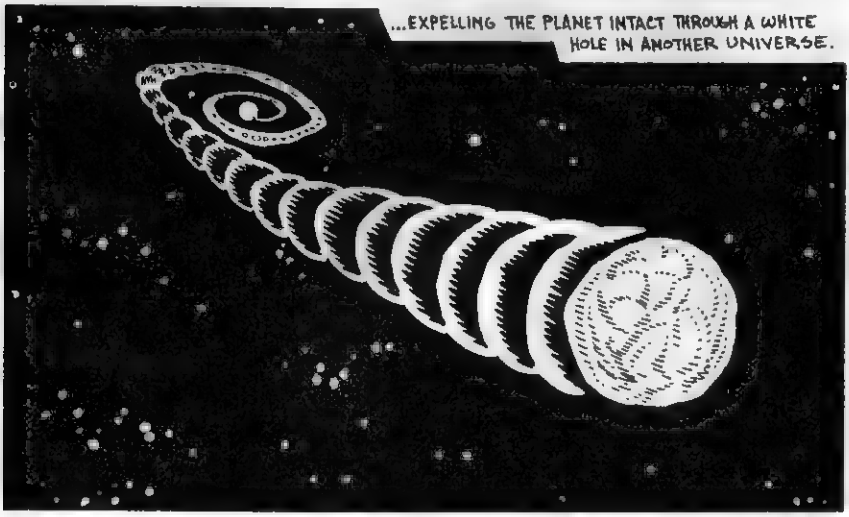
WHILE SIMULTANEOUSLY...




THE BLACK HOLE APPROACHES THE PLANET...


...AND IS SUCKED INTO NEMOSPACE WITH IT.


WHERE, IN TURN, THE BLACK HOLE SUCKS IN THE NEMOSPACIFIED PLANET...


...EXPELLING THE PLANET INTACT THROUGH A WHITE HOLE IN ANOTHER UNIVERSE.

BUT... EVERYONE HAS LOST THEIR MEMORIES.

JEEPERS!

I... I GET THE FEELING THAT WE JUST ACHIEVED SOMETHING...

BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT...

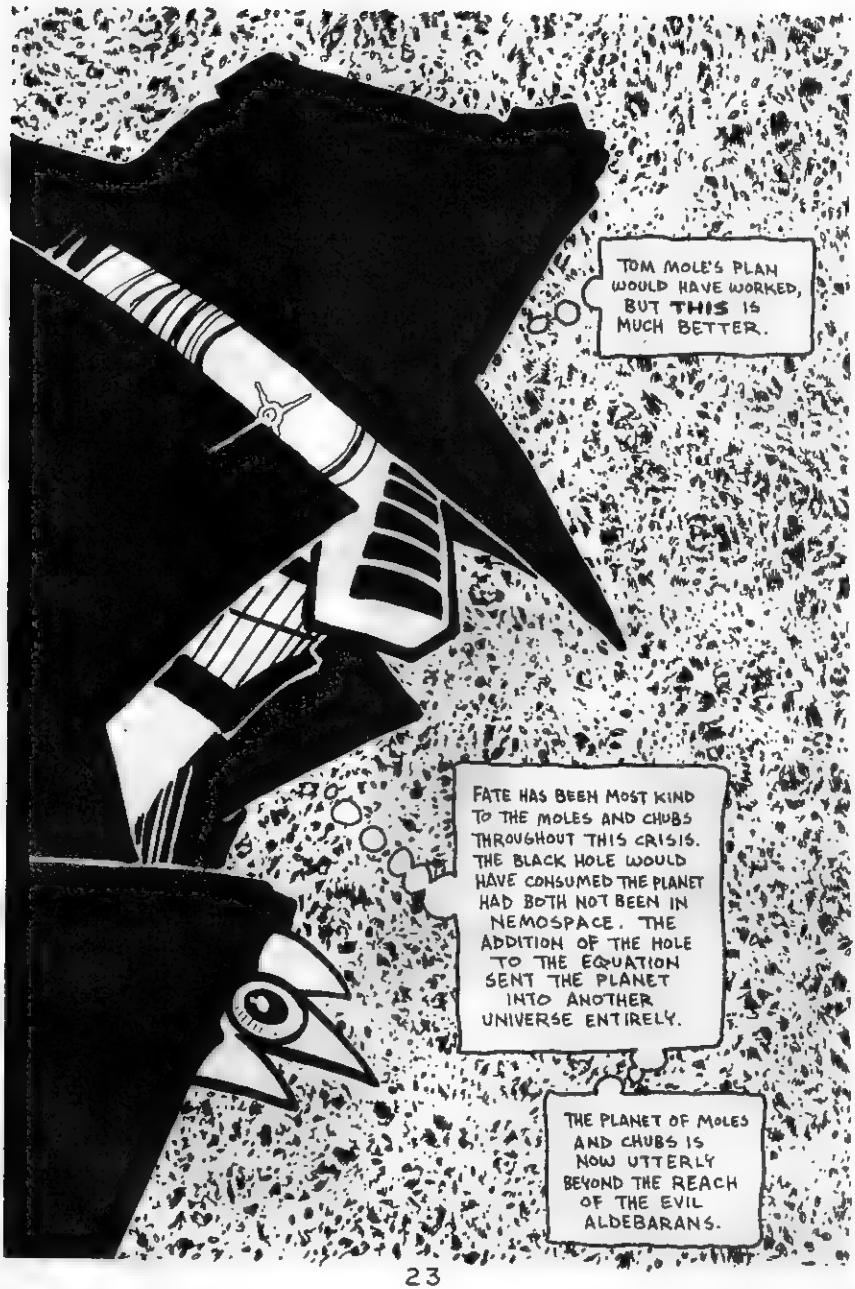
WHO ARE YOU GUYS? WHO AM I?

WHAT HAPPENED?

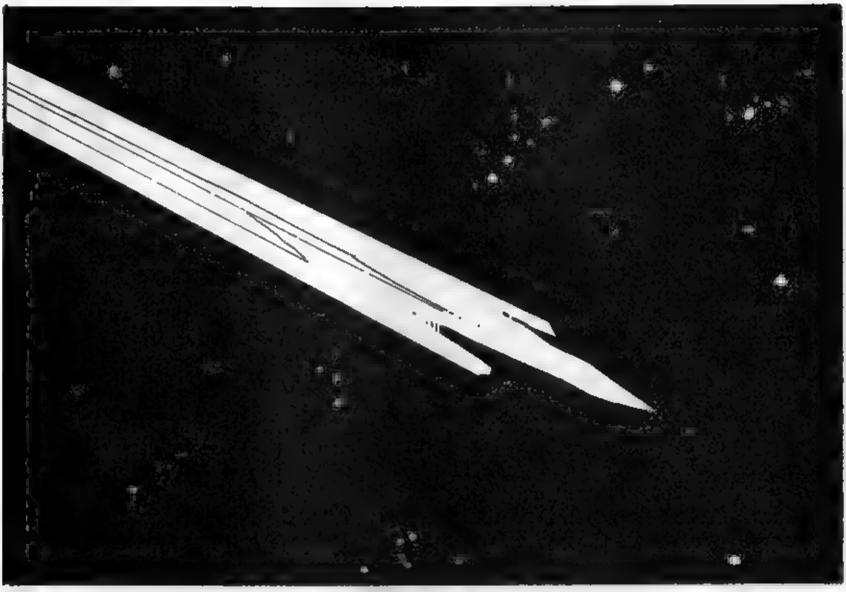
UHH... I DON'T KNOW.

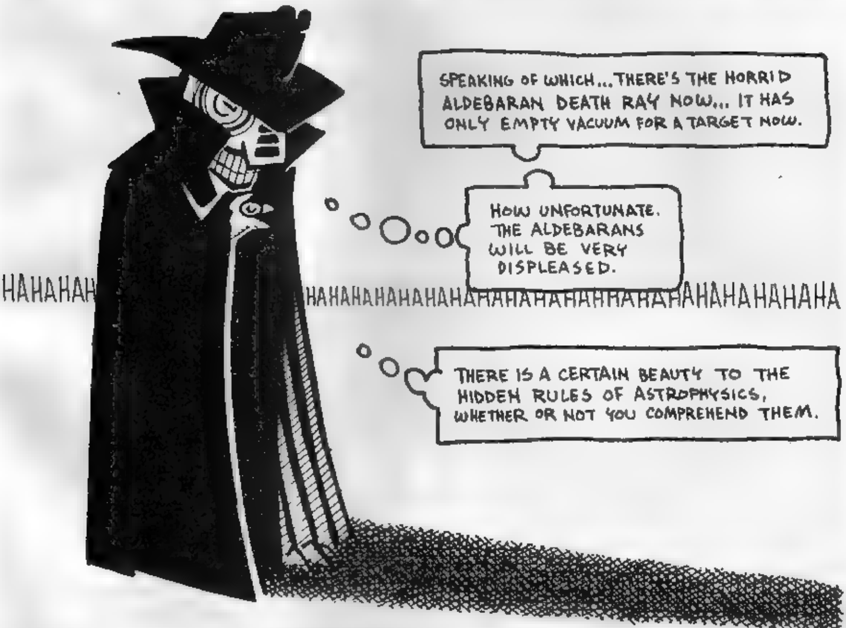
WHO ME?

BUT... THE SHADOMOLE KNOWS!

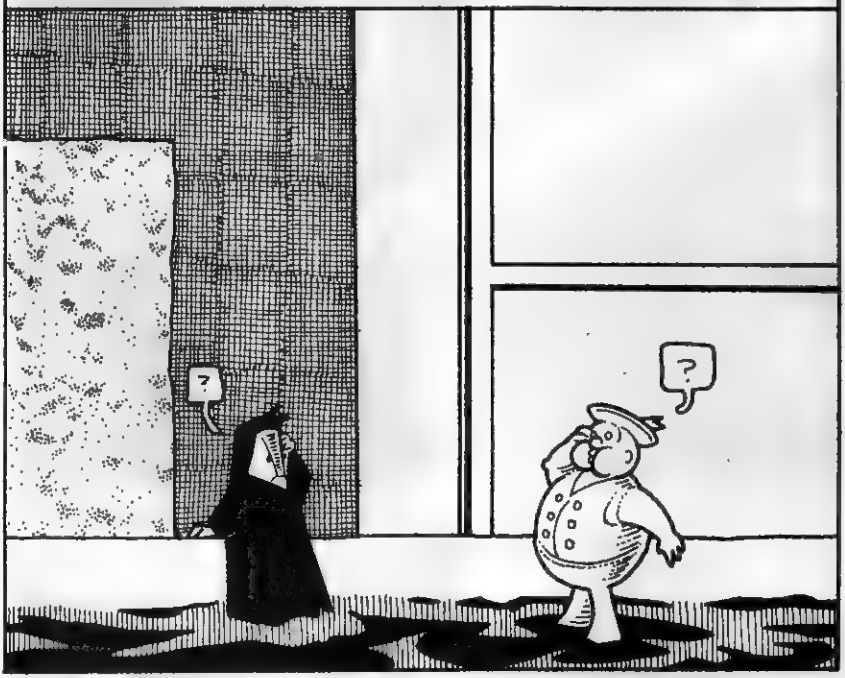

TOM MOLE'S PLAN WOULD HAVE WORKED, BUT THIS IS MUCH BETTER.
FATE HAS BEEN MOST KIND TO THE MOLES AND CHUBS THROUGHOUT THIS CRISIS. THE BLACK HOLE WOULD HAVE CONSUMED THE PLANET HAD BOTH NOT BEEN IN NEMOSPACE. THE ADDITION OF THE HOLE TO THE EQUATION SENT THE PLANET INTO ANOTHER UNIVERSE ENTIRELY.
THE PLANET OF MOLES AND CHUBS IS NOW UTTERLY BEYOND THE REACH OF THE EVIL ALDEBARANS.

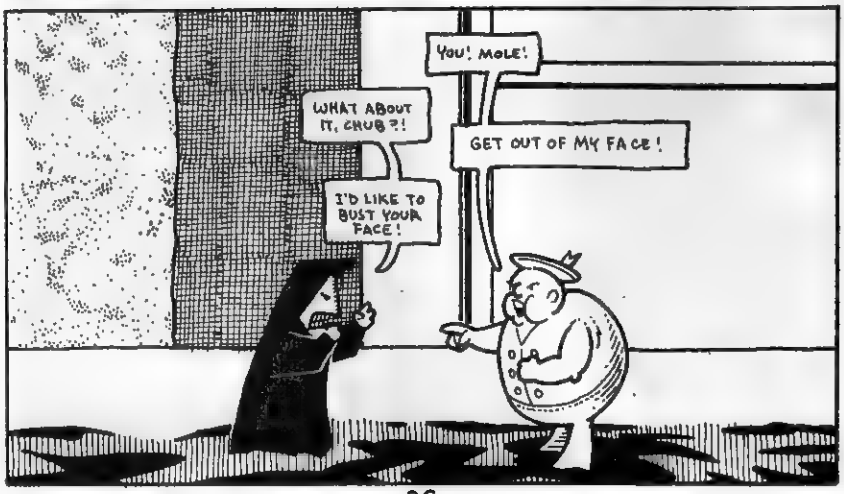
THEY DO NOT EVEN REMEMBER THE ALDEBARANS, FOR MEMORIES DO NOT PASS FROM ONE UNIVERSE TO ANOTHER.
THEY HAVE BEEN SAVED, THE MOLES AND CHUBS. THEY HAVE ALL BEEN REBORN.
MASS AMNESIA IS THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS FOR THE MOLES AND CHUBS. IT GIVES THEM A FRESH START, A CHANCE TO BECOME EQUALS. THEY SHARE THE SAME PLANET. THEY MUST LEARN TO COEXIST OR THEY ARE DOOMED TO AN END AT THEIR OWN HANDS THAT WILL BE FAR MORE HIDEOUS THAN THE FATE THE ALDEBARANS PLANNED.



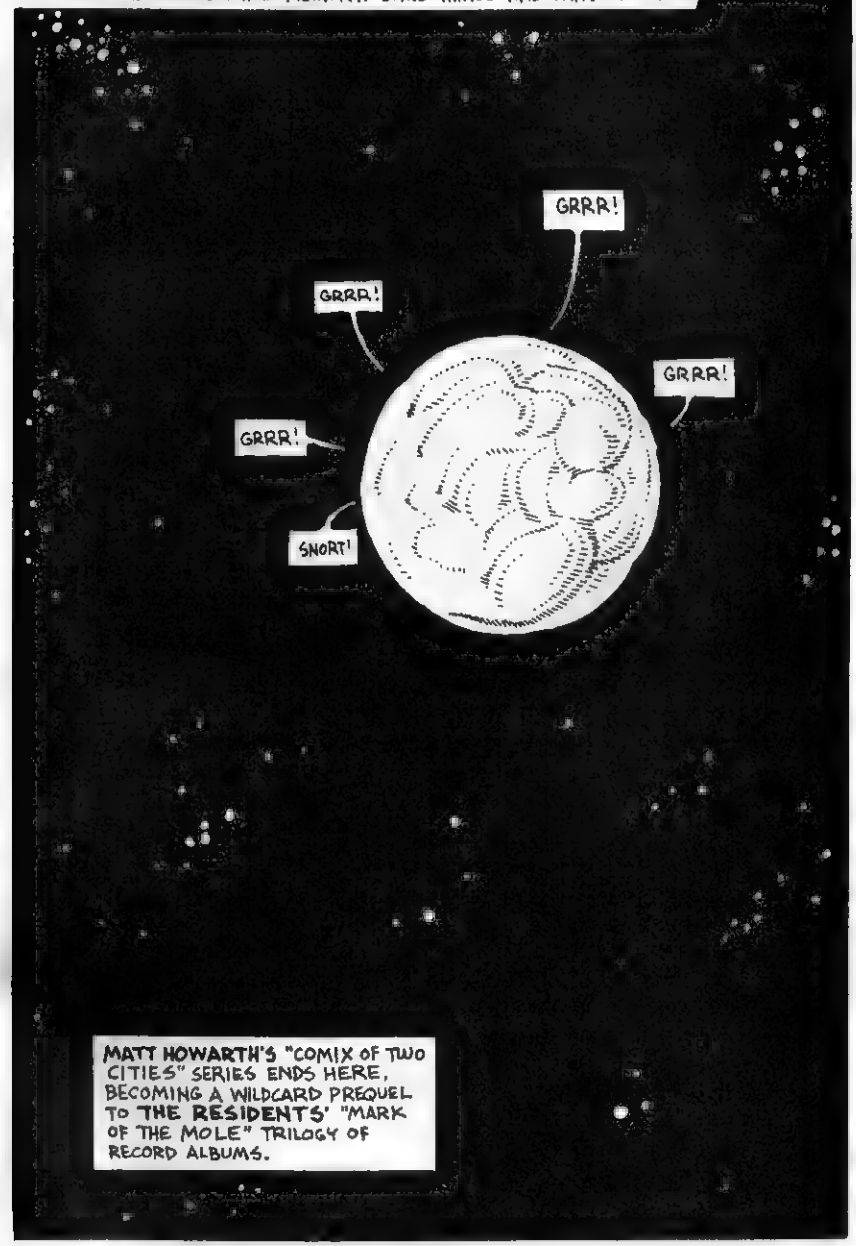

SPEAKING OF WHICH... THERE'S THE HORRID ALDEBARAN DEATH RAY NOW... IT HAS ONLY EMPTY VACUUM FOR A TARGET NOW.
HOW UNFORTUNATE. THE ALDEBARANS WILL BE VERY DISPLEASED.
HAHAHAH
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
THERE IS A CERTAIN BEAUTY TO THE HIDDEN RULES OF ASTROPHYSICS, WHETHER OR NOT YOU COMPREHEND THEM.

the FRESH START

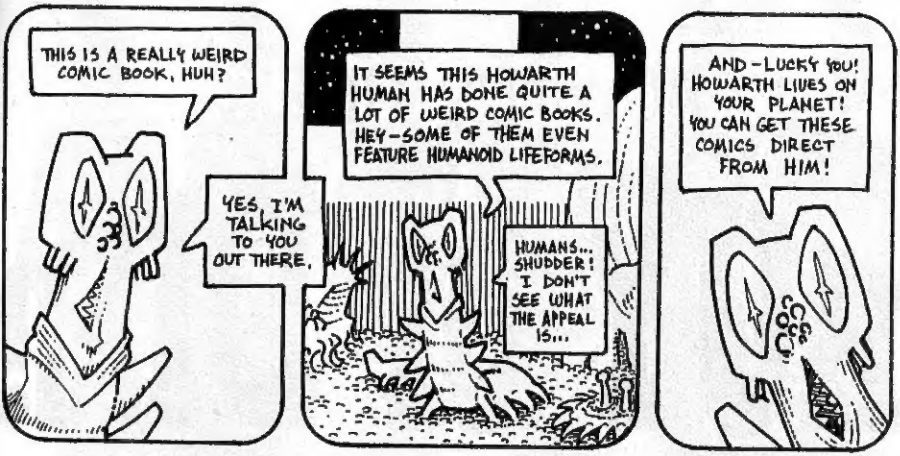




SOME THINGS ARE DEEPER THAN MEMORY. SOME THINGS ARE PART OF LIFE.



THE BLACK MOLE OF SPACE
DON'T YO GO 'N MESS WI' ME NOW, HEAR?
AH MEANS IT!
DMK



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